

Daily Kentuckian

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... This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war

OUR SERVICE FLAG

A cat died in Bowling Green last week that was 25 years and two months old. She is not expected to come back.

Lieut. Com. Logan Feland a Hopkinsville boy with the American Marines on the Marne, has been decorated with the French war cross and recommended for promotion for bravery in action.

Secretary Baker hits the nail on the head when he says those unwilling to fight their mother countries at war with America should be kept in prison now and deported after the war.

The French repulsed German counter attacks between the Aisne and Oise rivers Monday and consolidated their gains north of Haute Baye, the war office announced last night. The number of prisoners taken in the latter region in the last few days' fighting was 370. Twenty-five machine guns and eight trench mortars were also captured.

With practically all official and unofficial reports indicating that the Austrian drive in Italy had been sharply checked by the reorganized Italian army and the British and French units supporting it, officers are discussing the situation with an increasing air of optimism.

In some quarters it is believed that these operations have a decided effect on the situation on the western front. There is a strong feeling that if the Austrian drive breaks down, the Italians will launch a counter offensive on a large scale. In that event officials are certain that Germany would rush divisions of its troops to aid its ally because of the effect an Italian success would have upon the already turbulent internal situation in Austria.

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But remember that, in selling these bonds, you have to apologize to no body; while whoever fails to respond generously to your appeal owes you an apology.

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GIANT KILTIE AND THE BANTAMS

They are of all sizes in the Canadian ranks, as you can see by this picture of the big kiltie and the bantams tucked under his arms.

THIS IS THE TRUE RED CROSS SPIRIT

A Little Story With a Big Thought in It.

A month ago the Red Cross chapter in Bay City, Mich., received a hurry-up call for 150 dunnage bags. Troops were about to move, and through an oversight their equipment was not complete. The bags had to be made and sent within 48 hours. A request for help was sent over the town, and the stores were searched successfully for the right materials. Among those who quickly responded and came to the chapter workrooms to help were two little girls, sisters, about ten and twelve years of age, each eager to lend a hand and do something for the boys who were going to the front. All day long the fingers of the women and the little girls were fairly flying. Bag after bag received the last stitch until scores were piled up ready for shipment. Closing time came, and the woman superintending the making of the bags counted those completed and announced that if every one of the workers could come early the next morning and work all day the bags would surely be finished in time for shipping by evening. Two crestfallen little girls, the little sisters, were waiting for her at the door as she departed.

Red Cross Dunnage Bags.
"We are awfully sorry, ma'am," said the elder of the two, "but we can't come back tomorrow. You see tomorrow we have to—." And, without finishing the sentence, she looked back wistfully at the pile of bags.
"It is too bad you can't come back," said the superintendent, "but I want to thank you, and we all thank you, for the work you've done today. You two have been a wonderful help, and that pile of bags wouldn't be nearly so big if you hadn't been here. Good night."

The next morning when the superintendent came down to unlock the workrooms for the day she was astonished to see the two little girls standing in the cold by the locked door.
"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she said. "I thought you said you couldn't come!"
"Oh, we knew those Red Cross bags just had to be finished for the soldiers," exclaimed the little one, with glittering eyes, "and we got up at three o'clock this morning and got the washing done early!"

Soldiers Ask No Sympathy.
Here is an expression of the stoicism and the philosophy of a soldier as printed in extracts from his letters in the Atlantic Monthly:
"Don't worry about my privations—'which mostly there ain't none.' Such as they are, they are necessary and unavoidable; and, above all, we are fitted for them. You can't well sympathize with a man who is doing the thing he has longed for and trained for all his life. Besides, physical privations are nothing; it is the mental ones that hurt. A soldier in the trenches, with little to eat and nothing but a hole to sleep in, can feel happy all the same—particularly if life has something in prospect for him if he lives. But a man out of work at home, sleeping in the park and panhandling for food, is much more to be pitied, though his immediate hardships may be no greater."

WILL HAVE TALES TO TELL

Undoubtedly Crews of Submarines Have Seen Many Strange Sights in Depths of Ocean.

When the war is over many interesting revelations will probably be gathered from the statements of many of the crews of the submarines that ply up and down under the surface and go down onto the bottom of the sea, as told in Boys' Life, the boy scouts' magazine. Many strange sights flit past the eye of the lookout in the conning tower when the vessel is deep down. But strangest and most melancholy are the glimpses he gets of sunken ships resting on the bed of the ocean.

In the North sea, which is shallow in comparison with other great expanses of salt water, they form a danger to the underwater craft, which may sometimes only avert collision by a quick turn of the wheel.
But sunken ships in the deep sea, such as the Pacific and the Indian ocean, only go down a certain distance, no matter what their build or how ponderous their cargo. The idea popular among seafarers and certain scientists is that, having reached a certain stratum in those tremendous depths, they then drift about, slowly disintegrating, derelicts of the depths, swarming with strange denizens.

HOPE HIS BILL WAS SETTLED

If Not, Tragedy Enacted on Stage Was Also Tragedy to Some of the Spectators.

The thrilling drama, "Your Blood or Your Bullion," was in the midst of its thrills, and Mrs. Jinks and her daughter—presented with a free pass by their actor-lodger—sat spellbound while the hero performed his heroics and the villain perpetrated his villainies.

In the first act the hero jumped down a precipice in the nick of time, and the villain said "Foiled!" In the second act the hero escaped from prison by improvising a rope out of the skin of his teeth, and the villain said "Foiled again!" In the third the hero escaped by disguising himself as a gentleman, and—now—mind what the villain said. The Jinkses sat open-eyed and mouthed, and blissfully happy.

In the last act the villain, goaded to desperation, challenged the hero to mortal combat, and, after the usual preliminaries, fell prostrate on the step—dead—dead—dead!

Then did little Miss Jinks burst into tears.
"Oh, muver, muver," she wailed, "what are we a-goin' to do now? 'E's bin an' killed our only lodger!"
—London Tit-Bits.

DR. BEAZLEY

—SPECIALIST—

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

GIRL HAS COUSIN INTERNED

Said He Was Trying to Join the German Navy.

There is one enemy alien less at large in the country as the result of the patriotism of a Bismarck (N. D.) girl. Frank Peters, alias Peter Hansen, has gone to Fort McPherson, Ga., for internment in a federal prison camp instead of doing his bit for the Kaiser as a member of a U-boat crew, because Miss Mary Burkman was courageous enough to report him, even though he was her own cousin.

Peters was arrested as he was about to board a Northern Pacific train on the first lap of his journey to Germany. He had boasted to his cousin that he would soon be back in the fatherland serving on one of the Kaiser's submarines.

When Miss Burkman assured him she would not permit him to leave America for such a purpose, he reminded her of their blood ties, threatened her and declared she dare not report him. There was a brief struggle in Miss Burkman's heart, but it was very brief and her country won.

GIVES EIGHT SONS TO WAR

Five of British Mother's Boys Are Killed in Action and Another Is Paralyzed.

London.—The countless numbers of heroic sacrifices made by British mothers have been far eclipsed by Mrs. Beechey, widow of Rev. P. W. T. Beechey, late vicar of Fritchthorpe, Lincolnshire, who has given eight sons to serve their country, five of whom have lost their lives.

Three have been killed on the western front, another died at Rouen, while the fifth, Charles Reeves Beechey of the Royal Fusiliers, who was a master at Stamford Grammar school, has expired from wounds received in East Africa. One, Bernard Beechey, was a schoolmaster at Lincoln, and another, Frank, was a member of the Lincoln Cathedral Choir school.

Three other sons survive. Of these one has been paralyzed and the other two are still serving. All the brothers joined the army as volunteers, two of them enlisting in Australia, where they were farming.

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